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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

LITERATURE.

KALTSCHMIDT'S DICTIONARY OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.*

"WHEN the scholars of Europe directed their intellectual vision to that newly discovered star in the East, the Sanscrit, now so brightly illuminating the horizon of philology,—and led on by its refulgent beams arrived at the classic soil of the ancient Hindu, where to their astonishment they recognised the scenery of their own familiar houses, and heard the well known accents of their native tongues,—they began to anticipate a discovery of no less importance than the means of demonstrating the correctness of those views of the fundamental connexion existing between all languages, which had long pressed themselves on the attention of critical minds."

This was the language of a scholar who devoted his short life to the advancement of comparative etymology. The science, a branch of comparative philology, is an important one; it aims at nothing less than a close and effectual examination of man's mental powers and their operations, his history at a time when all records are silent, and a confirmation, by our reason, of our belief that "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech."

It may appear rather late in the day to urge the claims of this science, but the fact is that the great mass of readers who are not professed philologists have heard of the labors of a Sir William Jones, a Schlegel, a v. Humboldt, a Chéry, a Prichard, a Colebrooke, a Wilson, a Bopp, a Grimm, a Pott, a Rask, a Burnouf, a Lassen, a Harnaker, but they have seen only the insignificant attempts and frequently utter failures of sciolists and pretenders. Remembering perhaps the caricature which Plato drew of similar sages in his days, or the strange fancies of a Festus and a Varro, they forget that the modern science stands in the same relation to the ancient one which Astronomy bears to Astrology or Chemistry to Alchemy. New materials daily increasing in number, and surprising discoveries constantly arrived at, have given a new and a solid basis to the much derided science. The greatest obstacles, in modern times, to its popularity are undoubtedly the incompetency of some of its advocates and the rashness of some of its professors. A venerable Latin lexicographer, for instance, still patronized to some extent, naively remarks in his article on *Gibellini et Guelphi*, "hence, I suppose, our ELFS and GOBLINS."

Another philologist writing A.D. 1848, founds his knowledge of the affinity of languages on the account of the Austrian ambassador, Busbequius (Buschbeck) who (probably in his work *Legationis Turcicae epistolae quatuor*), speaks of a people inhabiting Crim-Tatary, which "indicated a German origin in language, in manners, in countenance, and habit of body." From such words, then,

stul—	Eng. stool—	(Germ. stuhl),
reghen—	" rain—	(" regen),
broder—	" brother—	(" bruder),
broester—	" sister—	(" scester),
alt—	" old—	(" alt),

* A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. T. H. Kaltschmidt. In Two Parts. 1 Latin English. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1851. 18mo., pp. 478.

† The work alluded to is entitled "The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language. By the Rev. Matthew Harrison, A.M."

kor—	Eng. corn—	(Germ. korn),
salt—	" salt—	(" salt),
fisc—	" fish—	(" fisch),
tag—	" day—	(" tag),
singen—	" sing—	(" singen),
lachen—	" laugh	(" lachen)—

our author infers that the Tataric and the English are very near akin. Now a mere inspection of any authority on the subject, say Adelung's *Mithridates*, where (vol. i. p. 477 ff.) some specimens of Tataric are given, will impart a different notion of the character of this language; and neither Mr. Harrison nor the learned Ambassador seems to have suspected that those wonderful Tatars might after all be nothing more nor less than German colonists.*

Such mistakes, it is true, may be made by the profoundest investigator, yet these things will prejudice the layman, who, of course, cannot be expected to know the difficulties with which the subject is beset on all sides. For shallowness is not the only difficulty to be avoided by the true philologist; he is frequently betrayed into errors by those very guide-posts which he regarded as infallible. Thus, identity of similarity or sound with coincident resemblance of meaning is generally considered as indicative of community of origin, yet he who would connect the modern Greek *μάτι* (eye) with the *mata* of the Marquesas Islanders, which has the same signification, will in all probability be mistaken; for whatever be the derivation of the latter, it cannot well have any connexion with the former, which retains of the Ancient Greek *μα-ματι-ον* nothing but the suffixes; inasmuch as *μαματιον* again is a diminutive of *μαμα*, which according to the usual formation is from the root OII- and this (with the ordinary change of labial into guttural, as *λυκος*=*lupus*, *πῶς*=*lon. xōs*; *ἵππος*=*equus*) appears in the Lat. *oculus*, Polish *oko*, Germ. *auge*, Ital. *occhio*, Span. *ojo*, Portug. *olhos*, Fr. *œil*, Eng. *eye*, Scotch *ee*.

Another instance: the Tibetan *ba* and the Annamitic *bo* mean ox, just like the Gaelic *ba*, Irish *bo*, Port. *boi*, Lat. *bos*, Gr. *βοῦς*, etc.; yet the latter, the Indo-European words, are said to be derived from the Sanscrit *gāus* (again with the usual interchange of labial and guttural: *g*=*β*, *gāus*=*βοῦς*), whilst the former may be merely onomatopoeic. Instances of this kind are very numerous.†

On the other hand, a glance at the first example (compare the Scotch *ee* with the Greek *μάτι*) will convince us that dissimilarity of sound and aspect can be no hindrance to near relationship. Eng. *day* and French *jour* have little similarity, yet *day* is from Lat. *dies*, and so is *jour* (*dies*, *diurnus*, Ital.

* The Rev. Matthew Harrison is undoubtedly very ridiculous about this matter, giving two opposite opinions at the close of two consecutive chapters; but the inquisitive and always entertaining Busbequius (whom Bacon quotes in his *Essays*, and whose book was a favorite pocket companion of Gibbon) does (after admitting the not unlikely confused memory of his informant) provide for the alternative of a western Saxon origin, which he attributes to the time of Charlemagne:—"Hi Gothi an Saxones sint, non possum dijudicare. Sic Saxones, arbitrator eo deductos tempore Caroli magni, qui eam gentem per varias orbis terrarum regiones dissipavit."—*Epistola Quarta*. Ed. Francofurti, 1595, p. 261.—*Eds. Lit. World*.

† Horace Mann, having probably observed the figurative signification of certain appellations having primarily a local sense, such as *urbane* (URBS), *civil* (CIVIS), *courteous* (court), Fr. *courtois*, Germ. *höflich* from *hof* (court), *gentle* (GENS), *stately* (state), Germ. *stattlich* in the same sense from *statt* (place), *close* (COLONUS), *villain* (VILLE), *heathen* (*heath*), Germ. *heide*, which means both *heath* and *heathen*; *pagan* (PAGUS, a district, etc.—derives *polite* (Lat. *politus* polished) from *πολίτης*, like *civil* from *civis*, not considering such a phrase, for instance, as: "rays of light falling on a polite surface."

gior-no, Fr. *jour*, merely dropping the termination -no, then pronouncing the rest with a French tongue, and finally conforming the spelling to the pronunciation; so there is but one step from the Lat. *avus* to the Eng. *uncle* (*av-uncul-us*); *pilgrim* is from the Lat. *ager* (*per agrum*, *peregrino*, Fr. *pèl(e)grin*, =*pilgrim*); the city of *Stambul* (Constantinople) from *εἰς τὴν πόλιν*: (*εἰς ταυρον-iv*, *Istambul*, *Stambul*). Or, would one look for the French *buffetier* in the Eng. *beef-eater*, or for Greek words in *squirrel* and *parsley*; yet the former is the Gr. *οξίονος* (*oxia*, shadow—*οἶπα* tail: "that sits in the shadow of its tail") and the latter through the German *petersilie* from *πετροσίλων*. Drake, too, appears as a peculiarly degenerate offspring of the Lat. *anas*.

From such few and scattered instances it may be imagined rather than seen how difficult the task is of obtaining the true etymology of words; yet we must contend for the truth that for a full understanding of language it is absolutely necessary to know not only the *objective* but also the *subjective* meaning of words. This terminology, however, is perhaps not such as to explain itself. It may not be amiss, therefore, to elucidate it by an example or two. The *objective* signification of *bishop* e.g. is "a certain dignity in the church," the *subjective* meaning, namely, *ἐπίσκοπος*, from which it is derived—an *overseer*. In its *objective* import an inhabitant of L. understands by the word *student*—a young man who spends a certain part of the year at the college in the place, smokes, "cuts" recitations, and reads Shakspeare; yet *subjectively* it means—one who is studying.

These thoughts were suggested by Dr. Kaltschmidt's Latin Dictionary, which forms part of the Classical Section of *Chambers's Educational Course*, and claims as its distinguishing feature the endeavor "to awaken the learner to the interesting part of the radical identity of many apparently heterogeneous languages, and prepare him at an early stage for the delightful and instructive study of comparative philology," by giving, "as far as possible, the etymology of every word, not only by tracing it to its Latin or Greek root, but to roots or kindred forms of words occurring in the cognate languages of the great Indo-Germanic family." Dr. Kaltschmidt is well known in Germany for his popular Dictionaries in several languages, and mainly by his translation of Eichhoff's *Parallèle des langues de l'Europe et de l'Inde*, which, however, was so disfigured by Dr. K.'s German etymologies, that it requires the compensation of the excellent Latin and Greek Indexes which he added to make the book at all acceptable. As far as relates to Dr. Kaltschmidt, Grimm need not have discovered his laws of the transposition of sounds by which the phonetic principles prevailing in different languages have been reduced to so much systematic regularity as easily to expose wild and vicious etymologies.

In the work before us Dr. K. has endeavored to introduce a new element into the instruction generally imparted in the school.

The question here arises: Can, or ought, this minute anatomy of language, or the subject of comparative philology in general, to be introduced into the school? The importance may find opponents among those who shrink from imposing additional labors on the teacher, or among those to whom the subject is altogether new; the possibility will meet

the learner to two vocabularies, unless he knows beforehand what he came to seek; thus resembling the stone by an Irish river, with this legend, 'When this stone is under water, it is death to attempt fording.' Yet we would presume to say, that it is not so bad: if the learner finds a word written with a capital, unless it is at the beginning of a sentence or of a line in poetry, he will recognise it as a proper name, and go to the right source for information. Still there is another point which we cannot help observing with regret, namely the total omission of adjectives derived from proper names; for these frequently present difficulties either in their formation, or in a modification of their meaning, of which the Classical Dictionary offers no solution, and with which the beginner, for whom this Dictionary is designed, cannot be supposed to be acquainted. We find it also stated that it contains only "words and phrases occurring in the best Latin authors, whose works are most likely to be read in schools and colleges;" which we consider entirely sufficient for a *School Dictionary*. Yet at a mere random calling, in an exceedingly slight examination, we find wanting words like *acersecomes*, *allex*, *alliatum*, *affleo*, *assulatim*, *assua*, *helo*, *circum-gemo*, *circumjicio*, *clurinus* (or *chuninus*), *cupedo*, *crambe*, *amissus(us)*, *annicola*, *bustirapus*, *chrysos*, *compluries*, *confidentiloquus*, *conventicius*, *dilamino*, *sandalarius*, *sandapila*, *bascauda*, *bat*, *batiola*, etc. If these be said to occur but rarely, yet they do occur in Juvenal, in Plautus, in Horace, in Livy, in Terence, in Nepos, in Ovid. But what could he said to excuse the absence of words like *inanimalis*, *assulto*, *atriolum*, *bumastus*, *buris*, *choragium*, *choragus*, *chorea*, *ciborium*, *complusculi*, *conventicum*, *fallaciloquus*, *retinnio*, which occur more frequently, and even in Cicero more than once; although if we were to institute an inquiry as to the comparative treatment of different authors in this Dictionary, we say that Cicero has received the best, as we find even the greater number of his *ἀναξίρριπρία* well taken care of, and Plautus the worst. Of *inanimalis* we would observe, that though it occurs otherwise but seldom, as it is a reading adopted in Livy xxi. 32, in the Classical Series edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt, to which series this Dictionary belongs, it ought to have been given. On the other hand, words are not rare which might have been omitted without injury to the work, as they do not fall within the range of reading in schools and colleges.

Yet with all these blemishes, we would not hesitate to recommend this volume to all who consider larger works too comprehensive or too ponderous for ordinary pupils, and especially in preference to all abridgments of Ainsworth, Entick, and whatever else their names are, and to the scanty vocabularies appended to some editions of the classics.

The paper is good, the type excellent, and the typographical execution, even to the marks of quantity, almost unexceptionable.

I. L.

Princeton, N. J.

WRIGHT'S SORCERY AND MAGIC.*

MR. WRIGHT has long been celebrated as a most indefatigable groper in the Dark Ages. He has contributed much to our recent knowledge of that period, and especially of its literature by his original researches and

annotated reprints of many of its celebrated productions.

He has, with his customary research and diligence, collected together a great mass of evidence on a form of human credulity which has always been more or less prevalent in the world, and from which our own enlightened age is by no means free, although credulity in our times takes the more agreeable form of dollar fees in place of fire and faggot. It is interesting to examine the work from this point of view, and see how amid all their variety in minor points the main incidents of these narrations have been the same in all countries. It may be taken as one proof of the belief in a future state, and in the spiritual world, held by all men however elevated or degraded.

The work contains all the famous witch trials of different nations, from Dame Alice Kyteler to the sufferers of Salem, in succinct narrative. Mr. Wright's style is plain and straightforward, adding however little or nothing to the subject.

The following story may be the outline of Irving's "Devil and Tom Walker." That capital sketch may have been built up on even slighter foundation, but in either case, the amplification shows what can be accomplished by the practised writer:—

"A writer of the thirteenth century has preserved a story of a man who, by his compact with the evil one, had collected together great riches. One day, while he was absent in the fields, a stranger of suspicious appearance came to his house, and asked for him. His wife replied that he was not at home. The stranger said, 'Tell him, when he returns, that to-night he must pay me my debt.' The wife replied that she was not aware he owed anything to him. 'Tell him,' said the stranger, with a ferocious look, 'that I will have my debt to-night!' The husband returned, and, when informed of what had taken place, merely remarked that the demand was just. He then ordered his bed to be made that night in an outhouse, where he had never slept before, and he shut himself in it with a lighted candle. The family were astonished, and could not resist the impulse to gratify their curiosity by looking through the holes in the door. They beheld the same stranger, who had entered without opening the door, seated beside his victim, and they appeared to be counting large sums of money. Soon they began to quarrel about their accounts, and were proceeding from threats to blows, when the servants, who were looking through the door, burst it open, that they might help their master. The light was instantly extinguished, and when another was brought, no traces could be found of either of the disputants, nor were they ever afterwards heard of. The suspicious-looking stranger was the demon himself, who had carried away his victim."

QUAKERISM.*

It is seldom that we hear from Quakerdom. The respectable community of the broad-brim and plaited bonnet would hardly be noticed from year's end to year's end by the general public of the cities were it not for their annual invasion of the metropolis, dotting the variegated crowd of Broadway with frequent spots of drab. Mr. Macaulay made some stir among the fraternity some three years ago by his strictures on their founder, but the very ripples which he caused were placid, and the waters soon smoothed again into their unruffled calm.

* Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life. By a Lady, who for Forty years was a Member of the Society of Friends. Phila.: J. W. Moore.

The quiet is to be again disturbed, if we mistake not, by the volume before us. It is by a lady who, though not one of the "very large in the ministry," occupied a prominent position among the brief speech brethren of Ireland, where, from the rule of contrast we suppose, the discipline of the sect is more rigid than elsewhere, the rules of one Joshua Jacob being there enforced,—the said Jacob being a worthy who, after establishing this discipline, found not even drab of simple enough hue, and established a fraternity of his own to be clothed in undyed garments, a sympathy with the original sheep which does not appear unnatural in the fraternity.

The Lady does not favor us with her name; but informs us that she belonged to one of the first Quaker families in Ireland, her father being a leading man in the sect. Her opportunities of observation were, therefore, favorable. She remained a Quaker until her mature years, and would probably have been one still, had she not been courteously ejected from meeting, mainly on the ground of her now and then attending the services at the "steeple houses" (Quaker for church), and thus "bearing her testimony in favor of a hiring ministry." She seems, however, to have been throughout sceptical as to the efficacy of drab raiment in reference to salvation, and restive under the sumptuary discipline of the "visitors," whom she very concisely characterizes as a pack of busybodies. A keen sense of the ludicrous had probably no small share in producing her change of sentiments.

Innumerable are the stories she gives of the good dinners she sat at, and the fearful havoc made thereat, gluttony being one of the sins especially compounded for by the brethren; of holy horror of dresses of plain texture, but unorthodox hue, by dames robed in the finest of silks, the luxury of the fabric being atoned for by the soberness of color; of finest cambric in lieu of profane lace; of coquettish bonnets and elaborate platings instead of plainer head-gear of unorthodox pattern; in short, of innumerable forms of what is called in homely phrase, "whipping the devil around the stump." The lady's first disgust with Quakerism seems to have been due to the visit of a great American luminary, accredited by "three yearly meetings," to her father's house, where he comported himself after the following unseemly manner:

"A smothered laugh induced the speakers to look round. Friend Flannil had drawn his chair close to the fire; he had taken off his moccasins, and the view of his very tattered dirty stockings, accounted for the laugh. We all became silent, watching what he was going to do. The trousers were drawn up to the knees (there were several ladies in the room, our usual Quarterly Meeting guests), a curious garter, made of the bark of a tree and twine, was thrown down on the rug, and the stockings deliberately taken off, exhibiting to our wondering eyes, two of the very dirtiest and biggest feet I had ever beheld. Friend Flannil, perfectly regardless of the presence of any one, held up his feet alternately to the fire, warming and rubbing them, and grumbling that the fire was not good, because it was made of coal, instead of wood, as he said it ought to be. When the feet were warmed and rubbed enough, he began to look about him, and to talk. 'Do you call this living in the country? I am sure I don't.' Then to my father—'Art thou married? Are these all thy children?' 'Oh! no,' he replied (some of the company were as old, and older than himself); 'these young ones

* Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from the most authentic sources. By Thomas Wright. Redfield.

here are mine.' 'Eugh,' said Friend Flannil, 'they are very puny. I have three sons, and the lowest of them is six feet three; I guess thou can't match that.'

"Dinner being announced, a considerable delay took place putting on the old stockings, &c., &c. He was invited to go into another room to wash his hands; but positively refused. 'What shall we do with him?' asked my mother of Friend Haldwell. 'Really,' said he, 'I do not know; but do what thou wilt, he never thinks of taking offence.' She then ordered a basin of water, &c., into the room before us all, and said to him—'Dinner is waiting, and thy hands must be washed—pray be quick.' 'Eugh,' said he, 'how mighty particular thou art.' However, the ablutions were performed in a kind of way, and then he was requested to walk into the dining-room. He sat still, and looked about, and seeing the butler standing at the door, he called out—'Here, theel man, bring in the dinner then, can't thee, if it is ready.' With a great deal of difficulty he was induced to go into the dining-room, which at last he did, by running past every one. He was placed at my mother's left hand at table, and the rest of us, twenty-two in number, took our places. Scarce were we seated, when Friend Flannil's tall, awkward form rose; he grasped the salt-cellar, stretched it half way down the table, and threw it all about. He said, 'I hate them buckets of salt. Mother, never put one near me again; mind, I hate salt.' He occasionally used his knife and fork, but much more frequently his fingers. He called for coffee, which not being ready, he said, 'Go, get it; I'll wait for it; and he went over to the fire until it was prepared. Then he came back to his seat, and ate fish in his fingers, and drank coffee, scolding and growling incessantly, and ordering 'the Mother' to get him one thing or another.

"The evening wore away; he called for meat at tea, and ate slice after slice of cold roast beef in his fingers, as another person would bread and butter; and when going to bed, said he must have something to eat in the night. He ordered the parlor fire to be kept lighted, and a tray with bread and cheese, and porter, to be left for him. After laughing more than we ever laughed in one day before, we all retired.

"We all went to Meeting, and there Friend Flannil astonished all the assembly with his sermon. After the usual long pause of a Friends' Meeting, his huge gaunt form was seen to rise in the gallery, and to shake itself. Then the queer hat was taken off, and laid on the ground, the coat unbuttoned, and he began in a voice loud and gruff. 'There was once an old horse, and he had a sore leg.' This strange text drew all eyes on the man. He enlarged for nearly an hour on it, with great volubility; described the appearances as only one could have done who had witnessed the symptoms and treatment of veterinary disease; and drew a kind of moral from it; that we were all as diseased as the old horse, as disgusting as the horrid picture he had drawn, and that Quakerism was the only cure. Of course many comments were made on such a sermon as this, although Friends are often told it is very wrong to make any remark on addresses which are considered to proceed from 'immediate inspiration'; but this induced many to disregard the general rule. One said, 'it was a wonder, fully deep discourse.' Another, 'that it contained a deal of hidden meaning.' Another, 'that we must be as far advanced ourselves in Christian experience to be able to understand it.' Another, 'that it was scandalous to hear such language in a place of worship.' And another, 'for my part, I think the man is mad.' I believe very many agreed in this last opinion, but were timid of saying so.

"In the evenings he would lie on the sofa, full

length, and scold any one who came near him; calling old ladies, 'child,' bidding them 'get away'—young woman, thy breath is not sweet,' to one; and when tea was handed round, he addressed one nice English Friend with—'Here thee, go get me some meat.' She went, and brought him some slices of cold meat. He turned them over and over again, with his fingers, dashed his tea awkwardly over her nice silk dress, and then scolded her heartily, and greased her with his hands in the most outrageously rude manner. And yet the plain Friends, many of whom were present, still looked on him as a holy man, and coveted a word, even a cross word, from him. It would weary to tell all his extravagances, his dirtiness, his profanation of religion; yet to this man, and the conversation relative to him, I am deeply indebted; for it was these scenes that first opened my eyes to the false pretensions of Quakerism."

If "Friend Flannil" is a man of straw of the Lady's fabrication, the American Quakers should clear their skirts of this unprepossessing representative.

Our author's remarks about the Quaker ministry are curious and interesting. According to her, preaching has fallen almost entirely into the hands of the females, to such an extent, that old men of venerable appearance are placed in the minister's gallery without the expectation of their saying anything, merely as respectable dummies to keep up a decent appearance of equilibrium between the sexes.

The following portrait could hardly be matched among any of the "world's people."

A BECKY SHARP IN DRESS.

"I was one evening, at a large tea party, introduced to a very beautiful young bride. She had a large figure, well and most gracefully formed; the roseate hue of her cheek, and the soft brilliancy of her downcast eyes, were only equalled in beauty by the exquisitely fair neck, and the rich dark brown hair, banded in the smoothest Madonna style on her lofty brow. Her dress was of the richest dove-colored satin; and her Quaker cap, and neck-kerchief folded in neat plaits across her bosom, were of India's most costly muslin. The handkerchief was attached to the dress by a gold pin, with a pearl head; and the belt of her dress was fastened in front by two more gold pins, each with a diamond head. The bridegroom was a very small, thin, awkward, ill-made man; his face—from which every morsel of whisker had been shaved off—was white, flat, and meaningless; and his dress, though quite new, was badly made, and badly put on; it was, however, a strictly Quaker costume.

"In the course of the evening I said to the lady who had introduced me, 'How ever did that mean-looking little man manage to get such a very lovely bride?' She smiled, and answered, 'Strange as it may seem, I assure thee, it was Rachel who courted him, not he her. I will tell thee the story. About four years ago, Rachel's younger sister was married; and she was somewhat annoyed that she, the elder, and so much the handsomer, should have been passed by; so she resolved to provide herself with an husband; and thou knowest when a woman makes up her mind to do a thing, she triumphs over every obstacle. Rachel's first step was to draw out a list of the names of the eligible young men; opposite to each name she placed the amount of his annual income, as correctly as she could ascertain it. The most wealthy was placed at the top of the list, and so on in regular gradation. She had twelve names down. They lived in all parts of England; one in London, one in York, one in Bristol, and so on.

"Sylvanus Otway was at the head of the list. She had never seen him, and he lived near Norwich. He was down for seven thousand a year.

Rachel seriously informed her father and mother, that she had 'a concern' to attend the Norwich Quarterly Meeting. They had no acquaintances they cared for there, and were disinclined to take so long a journey; but Rachel became so silent and sad, and so often told them she was burdened with the weight of her concern to go, that they at length yielded to her wishes; and father and mother, Rachel and her sister Susanna, and one of the brothers, all went to Norwich. As the father and mother are acknowledged ministers, of course they were taken much notice of, and invited to all the Friends' houses; amongst others, to Friend Otway's, and Rachel soon had the pleasure of being introduced to Sylvanus. She was delighted to find him a fine, handsome, intelligent-looking young man, and to perceive that he was decidedly fascinated with his new acquaintances; and when, at parting, he whispered to her sister, loud enough for Rachel to hear, 'I hope soon to be in your city, and to have the pleasure of calling at your house,' her cheek flushed with triumph, and her heart palpitated with joy, at the success of her scheme. Sylvanus soon followed them, as he had promised, and proposed for Susanna. He was promptly accepted; and they were married as speedily as the rules of our Society would permit. Rachel was exceedingly vexed and disappointed; but she is not a person to be discomfited by one failure, so she resolved to try again; but she has never been friendly with Susanna since. The next on her list was Josiah Gumble, of York, and his income was six thousand. Again she informed her father, that she felt it was required of her to attend the York Quarterly Meeting; and she added, 'it had been borne in on her mind, that the ministry of her beloved father, at that solemn assembly, would be blessed to some waiting minds.'

"There is nothing pleases our ministers more than flattery of their preaching gifts. Rachel is an adept at it. I have often found it difficult to keep my features in sober decorum, when I have heard her speaking of the inward peace she had felt from the acceptable service of her much valued Friends. And then she presses the hand of the minister she is flattering, with so much feeling, as she says; but they like it, and Rachel has her own ends in view. She went to York, and soon obtained the desired introduction to Josiah Gumble; he, too, was young, and passably well-looking; Rachel contrived to be very much in his company; but she saw clearly that he could not be caught. She told me she had never met any man who was so coldly insensible to beauty, and so stupidly indifferent to flattery. However, Rachel was not disheartened; for it soon came out, that Josiah was the victim of an unrighteous attachment to the daughter of a clergyman; for love of whom he deserted our Israel, and is now—alas! that it should be so—with his six thousand a year, gone over to the camp of the alien.

"The third on Rachel's list was John Jones, of London, her bridegroom now; he is worth about two thousand a year; and, as thou must see, no beauty. When Rachel first saw him, she was half inclined to leave him for somebody else; but the next on her list is only six hundred a year. The sacrifice was too great, and besides, James Lewis might be as mean-looking, so she resolved on the conquest of John Jones. It was very easily accomplished, he made no resistance, he at once became the worshipper of her beauty; and now that they are married, I think it will be her own fault if she is not happy. He is not very wise, but he is good-humored and good-natured."

"How did thou become acquainted with this amusing story?" said I. 'Is it not a breach of confidence to tell it?' 'No, indeed,' she replied, 'there were more than a dozen of us in the room when she told it herself, and showed us the list; she said she did not want it now, so she gave it to Martha Elton, and bade her give a copy of it

to any of the girls who would like to try the same plan of getting settled in life."

Quakers, it is well known, are as conscientiously opposed to paying tithes as to taking off their hats in a church. Our author tells us how cleverly the matter is arranged. It does credit to the dexterity of John Bull's tax-gathering fingers, practised though they are by long and frequent usage in the business:

INDIRECT TAXATION.

"Soon after becoming a housekeeper, I was called on by the tithe collector. Friends annually sum up the amount of all they have lost by this suffering, as they call it: and I was then under the idea, that 'our noble testimony against an hireling ministry,' was an essential part of all true Christianity, and that our refusal to pay the unholy tax was an acceptable martyrdom, in a small way. I had heard much preaching on the subject, and very much self-laudation on the faithfulness of the Society generally, indeed universally, to this our testimony, which so widely separated us from the hirelings of all other creeds. The two men who called on me, for the purpose of collecting the disputed impost, were exceedingly gentle and polite. They saw at a glance that I was an ignoramus, and kindly volunteered to inform me how other Quakers managed, for I had told them that my profession would not allow me to pay tithes; and that if they insisted on forcibly taking away my property, though I would not resist, still I would look on it as actual robbery.

"Did you ever pay tithes, ma'am?" said one of the men.

"Never," I replied.

"Well, then," said he, "you are a stranger here, I see, and I'll just tell you how the Bristol Quakers manage, for I am going about among them for twenty years past, and I am always glad to accommodate them, and meet their scruples. The sum you must pay is one guinea; so I will call here to-morrow, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and you just leave on the side-board there some articles of plate—your teapot will do very well, or spoons, or whatever you like—then I come and take it away. You don't give it, and so your conscience is clear. You will then return to your Meeting-people, that your tea-pot, worth ten guineas, was distrained for tithe; and as soon after as you like, you can go to Mr. Jones, the silversmith, and tell him how you lost your tea-pot, and are obliged to buy a new one. He will condole with you; and after showing you a variety of new ones to select from, he will hand you your own identical article, and say, he can sell you that cheap—say one guinea. You pay your guinea, and get your own safe back again, cleaner and brighter than ever; and, if you like, you can purchase some other little trifling article; for Mr. Jones is a very accommodating man."

It is seldom that a "come-outer" writes so good-humoredly as our author. Her book is throughout amusing, almost every page furnishing its pleasant story. If the moral does not always also produce a smile, it is the fault of her subject, not herself.

The volume is so neatly printed that even the Quakers themselves cannot fail to be pleased with its externals.

A NEW SCHOOL.*

PERHAPS the most singular, among the many singularities of Lady Lytton's book, is its title, for which, however, we learn from the preface that she is not accountable.

The School for Husbands! heavens, what a school, and what husbands! Had we at

this late day the power of selecting a title, it should be "THE SCHOOL FOR DRESSMAKERS; OR, THE MODISTE (not modest) ANNALS OF THE TIMES OF MOLIÈRE," against all the world, and as such we warmly commend it to the distinguished consideration of certain quasi-fashion—not—"able," magazines who monthly inundate the shops of rural milliners with plates of highly-colored ladies, with impossible mouths and no waists at all, dressed in the very latest mode—but two—of the Parisian Grisette.

Were we disposed to be moderately severe in our criticism of the book, we should pronounce it a mass of absurdities, its style inclining to the fiddle-faddle, if anything; its tenor rather base: its fictitious characters ridiculous absurdities and wretched caricatures; its real portraits positive daubs; and the whole affair without semblance of plot, merit, or common sense.

But we have just dined, and dined well; a delicious Sultana—not Osmanli or Circassian, but Havanese—is gently soothing mind and matter, and we cannot for the life of us, in our present blessed humor, say anything very caustic of the production of a lady, which an English publisher has had the courage to print in the conventional "three volumes for a guinea form," and Americans, we presume, will read out of traditional interest in the name of Bulwer.

Upon a very close examination we find the first two, and the last chapter, not only readable but interesting; that borrowed wit, if it be but passable, is better than original, if poor,—that in taking much of her conversation from the Sevigné letters and other contemporary books, the fair authoress probably has given us something better than she herself could have put into her puppets' mouth; that one character at least, Molière, is pleasing, and, probably, that the book will be found invaluable to the great guilds of dress-makers, milliners, and tailors.

We hope soon to see a review of it, written in the true sartorial spirit, by that amphytrion of the profession, Genio C. Scott.

Rupert, one of Lady Lytton's heroes, for the first time in his life at a French theatre—le Petit Bourbon—makes inquiry concerning the nomenclature of a certain specimen of genus *femina* in the following, for a young Englishman, very probable style:

"But there, in the next box but one, is also a very handsome woman, despite her very unbecoming *sacque of feuille morte*—black lace—whiske, and buff mittens. I mean, the one sitting next to that lively *brunette*, in the silver grey lutestring, with the *cerises pompons*, who appears to be laying down the law to those two desperately pompous looking men."

The above, however, is but sensible and common-place when compared with the

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ, OR DESCRIPTION A "LA" MODE (of *Ninon de l'Enclos*).

"Her magnificent hair (which was dark brown, with that Gorgione or horse-chestnut red varnished tinge through it, as if sunbeams had got entangled amongst its meshes) she wore, according to the fashion of the time, wreathed in plats round the back of her head, and divided very low on the forehead, with a profusion of long tendril-like ringlets on either side, which were tied with knots of blue satin ribbon, over which, so as to show the blue ribbon through, were large bows of set pearls, with streamers and tassels of fine, Oriental, pear-shaped, strung pearls; and the shoulders and front part of her *Berthe* were also fastened with the same; like-

wise the centre of her bodice, down to the point of her stomach, where hung one large pearl, nearly the size of a pigeon's egg. Her dress was composed of white *moire*, with a broad sky-blue velvet stripe upon it, while the *Berthe* was entirely of blue velvet, with a *Résille*, or network of pearls over it, which formed no contrast to her snowy skin."

So much for the novel; but now for its antecedent, the preface. It is not often that the shell is of more value than the kernel; but that most aromatic of spices, the nutmeg, has, we believe, an external coating held in yet higher estimation—the mace—and we think the mace, being a Wat-Tylerian version of the tomahawk, a proper term for Lady Bulwer's preface.

Commencing with a regret that she has been forced into the paths of literature—a regret with which we most cordially sympathize—she in the next sentence deploys her columns into line, and opens a most murderous fire upon the English press, English authors, and everything English generally; the land itself is a land of cant; the press one of the wheels of Juggernaut; social respectability is social vice; the "London Literary" is my grandmother's gazette; the "Critic" a recent penny trumpet; the "Morning Post" the Morning Pope; the "Illustrated News" the most venal of the catchpennies, and guilty of swindling her out of £110; Mr. Thornton Hunt of the Leader is the dry-nurse of Liberalism; none can buy or sell in the literary market but such as have the mark of the devil; only the members of the GUILD of literature and art can get high prices for their works; England is a land of tin and twaddle, &c., &c. These are a few specimens of the hot shot the lady has showered down upon her adversaries.

The Morning Post having honored her with the epithet of Xantippe, she improves the occasion to give her Lord, but certainly not her master, a powerful left-hander.

She returns the present with many thanks, but cannot keep it, as she has no right to it, for Xantippe was married to a Socrates, which, adds the lady, "I certainly am not."

In conclusion, we sincerely wish her ladyship "bon voyage," if not "au revoir."

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY.—NO. 2.

"WHIMSICAL" TOM HOOD.*

AN actor who succeeds is, we believe, always associated in the public memory with the character and costume in which he makes his first decisive appearance. Edmund Kean and the crown and furred robe of King Richard are inseparable.

Thomas Hood having, at an early period of his career, discharged at the Reading Public a grand *feu de joie* of capital puns, was destined thenceforward to shine and to be known throughout Anglo-Saxon literature as the punster of the age. It was not until the very close of his life that, having uttered that profound cry of sympathy, "The Song of the Shirt," he was admitted formally into the ranks of serious and substantial writers; and yet we need not hesitate to assert that no author of our generation had more control of the region of sorrow, gloom, and weighty feeling than this mighty master of whim.

There are papers of his, both prose and poetic, which, entirely free of verbal gymnastics and the pirouettes of the parts of speech, are likely to be adopted as the most

* The School for Husbands; a Novel. By Lady Bulwer-Lytton. Phila.: A. Hart.

* Whimsicalities. By Thomas Hood. With illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam. 1852.

perfect of their kind, in tone, treatment, and expression. These will readily suggest themselves to our readers; and in the present volume, although composed only of the lighter specimens of this talent, we have more than one finished miniature, which stands altogether apart from the support of his ready and felicitous knack of punning. Take, for example, as happily contrasted evidences, two prose sketches—the "Tale of Terror" and "The Happiest Man in England." In verse, illustrating readiness of rhyme, nice verbal turns, weighty with profound meaning and world-wide in application,—the poem of "A Black Job." This alone shows in a clear light the various gifts of the veteran jester. At the head of the page, by way of prelude, we have a free drawing, representing a spectacled old gentleman at a writing table, over which a lubber-headed boy has upset the ink-pot; and as from its dark mouth the grimy streams are flowing, we understand the sub-scriptum to the picture, "The Source of the Niger."—A couplet from Hudibras sets us off on our winding journey of humorous Pindarics—and with every possible meandering of stanza and rhythm, we follow, page after page, our apparently untirable guide. See with what familiar ease and readiness our Tom Hood enters upon his story.

"Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And in particular that dark variety
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
The sable is to ermine.
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
As blacking, or as ink to 'milk below,'
Or yet a better simile to show,
As ragman's dolls to images of plaster!"

The chief difficulty in the way of the benevolent intentions of these good Samaritans is, that the proposed subjects of their philanthropy are black.

"They looked so ugly in their sable hides,
So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
However the poor elves
Might wash themselves,
Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they joined in pious hymn
So black they were and grim,
In face and limb,
They looked like Devils, though they sang like Saints!"

Money is of course needed, and its necessity is presented in the strongest light; the case growing more and more desperate in the hands of our devout humorist.

"Sweet was the vision—but alas!
However in prospectu bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—
money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;
A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies as black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!"

But alas! alas! in spite of all zealous efforts, and although the whimsical poet

writes with all sorts of rhymes, and racks the language to relieve the Philanthropical Society, nature is too much for all hands.

"Yes! spite of all the water soused aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office, strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacka, confound them, were as black as ever!"

The "Black Job" occupies half-a-dozen pages, and noting the good things taken at chance from so moderate a range, the reader, by an easy mathematical performance, can easily calculate how many felicities he will find in a book of two hundred and thirty. What quips and quiddets, what puns and pellets, what crotchets and eccentricities, are scattered with a free hand through the twenty papers on "The Schoolmistress Abroad," "The Earth-Quakers," "The Defaulter," "The Grimby Ghost," "Mr. Chubb: a Piscatory Romance," and their odd associates of the Hood Family. Many a good thing has been often hidden under a hood. We doubt whether so many good things ever before came out of a Hood.

ALLEN'S PHILOSOPHY OF MECHANICS. *

It seems as if Natural Philosophy must always remain incomplete, or rather be perpetually unfolding new vistas to discovery. Its laws add nothing to the results of experiment, except to mass them in a convenient form, and the terms used to indicate the special powers of nature are valid only while an intervening and unknown region separates them. We know enough to prove beyond a doubt the harmony and the unity of the material world, but we have hardly yet removed the veil from the working of the entire machine, nor formed from mechanical and chemical experiments a perfect ontology. We have therefore been compelled to employ such terms as cohesion, heat, light, and electricity; and this use is not unphilosophical, but rather shows the limits to which human knowledge has reached. To reach the common source of these various modes in which changes of relations and qualities are effected would indeed be a grand step; and future experiment, if not able to make the transformations perfectly from one to the other, will show the probability of this identical origin with increasing force. The problem of the present work is thus to harmonize mechanical philosophy by arranging it with reference to this idea. Motion, heat, light, and chemical and electrical phenomena, proceed primarily from the sun. Motion is the fountain of all change. To use the words of the author, "All human knowledge of the modified forms and of the characteristic properties of matter is derived from the continuous and reciprocal propagation of impulses of mechanical force between individual atoms." This sort of propagation from the sun to terrestrial matter is called "the ELECTRO-DYNAMIC action of the sun." We were much pleased by the ingenious method used to show that all chemical and vital changes are consequent on the supplies of *fuel* and *food* furnished by vegetable organisms under the stimulus of

* Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, and the Source and Modes of Action of Natural Motive Power. By Z. Allen. Illustrated with numerous wood cuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1852.

solar excitation. Chemistry would indeed be maimed if the carbon and its compounds used as fuel, and confessedly of vegetable origin, were lopped from her list of appliances. The affinities of the stable compounds would remain indissoluble but for the aid of combustion and the powerful agents formed by it, and the transmutations of the laboratory rendered all but impossible. The propagation of the impulses to which all activity and change are due takes place through a fluid medium of electric matter. The hydro-electric machine is used to show that steam formed in a boiler by the combustion of fuel, slowly elaborated by such impulses, will return them in the brilliant electric flashes of that mode of liberation, or by the intervention of a piston and crank may do so in the powerful currents of the magneto-electric engine. It would be useless to follow this discussion through the nearly eight hundred pages in which the chemical, mechanical, and electrical changes and agencies, and their effects on the animal senses, are all referred to the influence of the solar orb. The positive information on these subjects is valuable, even if the theory is yet insufficiently supported by direct experiment.

Among the new and valuable matter we notice in a popular form, is an account of the various applications of electricity to telegraphing purposes, and also quite a resumé of the interesting modifications of the galvanoplastic art, so important an auxiliary to the engraver. That part of the work which attempts to account for the interior forces of the earth, the convulsions of the earthquake, and the fires of the volcanoes, as produced by superficial electric currents, seems not so forcible; and the chapter which accounts for the excitation of the sun, on the supposition of currents formed by the revolution of the planets round that body, on the principle of the secondary currents excited in helices and magnets on approaching each other, is equally inconclusive. The causes do not seem adequate to the phenomena.

The author is an independent thinker, and we wish that his theory may receive the attention it deserves from the scientific world.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A Complete Treatise on Midwifery. By Velpeau, translated by Charles D. Meigs, &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Essays on Life, Sleep, and Pain, etc. By Samuel Henry Dickson, &c. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

Homœopathy. By Worthington Hooker, M.D., &c. New York: Charles Scribner.

A Short Guide for Treatment of Children by Water. By C. C. Schieferdecker, M.D., &c. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.

An Examination of the Evidence in regard to Infinitesimal Doses. By Wm. W. Rodman, M.D. Waterbury, Ct.: William Paton.

On the Preservation of the Health of Women. By E. J. Tilt. New York: John Wiley.

VELPEAU'S treatise on Midwifery has been long accepted as a standard work by the medical profession, and has the characteristics of all the author's works, completeness and a certain exhaustive treatment of the subject, leaving little to be said by those who come after. Velpeau, however, in his eagerness to show off his encyclopædic acquirements, allows himself to enter into a minuteness of detail, and to exhibit a scholastic learning which, however interesting to the curious, somewhat embarrasses the student in his

search after the practical facts of a demonstrative science. The American translation, which is now presented in its fourth edition, keeping pace with the improvements and additions of the original, worthily partakes of and deserves the well established reputation of the French work.

Dr. Dickson's Essays are upon subjects suggested by his professional pursuits, but are addressed to general readers. Though unmarked by novelty, they exhibit extensive reading and a literary culture which make them both instructive and interesting. They may be ranked with the classical medical essays of Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. Holland.

The two works on Homœopathy are examples of medical polemics, Dr. Hooker contending against and Dr. Rodman for homœopathy. They are both written in a dogmatic spirit, and are more likely to confirm prejudice than establish truth. Addressed as they are to the unlearned public, they must serve to add to the embarrassment of that public, sadly bewildered as it is between contradictory systems of medicine and opposing doctors. It would be very satisfactory to the world if the medical combatants would settle their difficulties, for while they are prolonging their contentions, Death is knocking at the door, and we are impatient to know upon whom to rely, in our struggle with the great enemy. Who is the traitor in the camp?

Dr. Schieferdecker writes on Hydropathy, a system which we always approve of as far as it involves the abundant use of cold water, in bathing and other wholesome practices, insuring cleanliness and good health. There is a mystic air of unintelligibility in Dr. Schieferdecker's book, which we do not know whether to attribute to the doctor's want of clearness of view or of knowledge of the English language. He has, however, mastered the oburgatory, and berates the regular doctors with a torrent of unceremonious English, which can only be equalled by the emphatic Anglo-Saxon of Billingsgate.

The doctor has a confidence in his mode of treatment, which we candidly acknowledge that we do not participate in, but which if it can be transferred to the public will insure, if not their lives to the sick, at least their fees to the doctor. He says:—*It is an impossibility that any person can die of any real, acute disease, be it fever, inflammation, or eruption, if treated from the beginning with cold water in the right manner.* Priesnitz's late death from an acute disease is a curious commentary on this positive hydropathic proposition. The doctor magnifies this *affiche* in capitals; we reduce it to italics. There is a Herod-like infanticide emphasis about this other medical dogma of the doctor's that curdles our blood, and suggests to us all the horrors of the murder of the innocents. We must again, out of a tender regard for mothers, reduce the doctor's capitals to italics: *We ought not to be alarmed if the child, while the water is poured over it, struggles hard, gasps for breath, and gets a blue color in the very much distracted face.*

Dr. Tilt's book is of a more benevolent character, and gives mothers and daughters some information about Dr. Tilt's successful practice, as stated by himself, and some useful knowledge about themselves.

Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery, from STRINGER & TOWNSEND, has, as usual, a carefully collated summary of the progress of medical science during the previous six months. This work has become one of the necessities of medical men who would keep pace with the progressive advance of medical science.

The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. By W. H. Ranking. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—A half-yearly periodical, which divides the patronage of the medical world with Braithwaite's Retrospect, and is similar in design and scope, and like it keeps *au courant* with the rapid advance of medical science.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

In noticing the contemporary periodical literature in our last number we should have made a distinct recognition of the large class of reviews which have grown up with the theological interests of different religious denominations. These, as the *Christian Review*, which represents the Baptists; the *Methodist Quarterly*; the individual *Mercersburg Review*; the *Princeton Review*, and others which we named, are generally ably supported in point of talent, and we may presume are well endowed either by special appropriations or the sectarian *esprit de corps*. Should this form of literature assume the general influence which it has borne in England in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, the pages of the new Review or Reviews must be indebted largely to the clerical profession. But a clerical review, however well sustained, does not meet all the requirements of the country. It will neither be read universally at home, out of its own denomination, nor will it be accepted abroad as anything more than the representative of a partial local interest. We need a voice from the whole country, and to reach the whole country.

It has been said that Quarterly Reviews have had their day, that the progress of the age has brought every species of literature and thinking to the immediate test of the daily newspaper, and that as the resources of the latter have been developed the need of the less frequent methods of literary communication has been dispensed with. It has been the fashion to write of the "poor old Quarterlies," and attribute to them about the same degree of influence which grandmothers possess in modern society. We have watched this vainglorious triumph of the daily press—which has undoubtedly increased greatly in scope and the employment of talent of all sorts—but have not come to the conclusion that the idea of a Quarterly Review is altogether effete or superannuated. The Press still draws much of its cleverness and versatile form from these very sources, and the Press needs such a correction, not merely of its hastily formed opinions, but of its hastily stated facts. The Republic of Letters is not a turbulent democracy of immediate and universal suffrage, but an organized constitutional government of several houses. The people, indeed, all vote and have a primary assembly in the newspapers; but the magazines, in a sound healthy state of literature, will represent the committee-rooms, and the venerable Quarterlies a species of Senate where the most matured thought and elaborate study may be incorporated.

The convenience of a review is of the first importance. It may be supposed to have sifted out all that is vain and empty in the affairs of the day, to attach the mind to what is of permanent influence and interest in fact and principle. It fixes permanent subjects of thought before the community, and counteracts the tendency, in the perpetual flux and reflux of our confused modern ideas, to frivolity and ignorance,—for a man may be ignorant from the very excess of the materials of knowledge, just as he may starve from dyspepsia in the midst of abundance.

To secure a Quarterly Review of the first order of talent and usefulness, besides a corps of contributors, two parties are necessary, not often found in union in the employ of American intellectual and material capital—an editor who will wear well and a publisher who will hold on. It will be observed that

most of the Reviews have been identified with leading men of a peculiar order of talent for the vocation—from the days of Cave the founder of the Gentleman's Magazine, a born editor, through the Griffiths, Aikens, &c., to the Jeffreys, Giffords, and William Taylors and Southes of our own times. Reviewing is a faculty and an art, and implies certain natural qualifications as well as the acquired use of certain talents, to all of which the changing forms of American industry have not been very favorable. We may say the same of the publisher's employment of capital. It has been limited, in this department, both in amount and time.

While thus briefly pointing out the opportunities and defects in our higher periodical literature, it is but justice to say that a great deal of able writing is expended annually in this way, throughout the country; and that, from what must prove a constant defect, springs now and then an occasional excellence—in the circumstance that while writers receive little or no pay for their productions, they write frequently out of a pure love of the subject, because they cannot help writing out of the fulness of thought and information, and hence with perfect candor, independence, and honest warmth. Many of the best writers of our country are among its unpaid writers.

An artist friend, and a gentleman who has enjoyed in England peculiar advantages for observation in the secluded field of study of Turner and his Pictures, Mr. Stillman, furnishes us the following original anecdotes of that eminent painter:—"Turner's eccentricity has been much exaggerated, and he has been, I think, falsely accused of avarice. Those who have known him intimately for years say that, though often rigidly economical in his personal expenditures, he was very far from miserly. Habits that he had contracted when wretchedly poor, as he was said to be at one time in his life, would of course cling to him. An artist friend, who used when a youth to live near him in one of the suburbs of London, speaks of him as living in a little cottage, often entirely alone, and says that he would sometimes bring home a single herring to cook for his dinner. He has always seemed to prefer being alone; and it is said never travelled with anybody excepting Mr. Munro, the son of one of his earliest and best patrons. His journeys were always made in as mysterious a manner as possible, no one knowing when he left, where he was going, or when he returned. He disappeared from town and appeared again, and his best friends were generally entirely ignorant of his whereabouts, whether in or out of town. He had not, for years preceding his last sickness, stayed a single night at his house in Queen Anne street.

"His pictures seemed to share in this seclusion, and many of the best of them were kept in a mysterious place, which he called 'down below.' Of the whereabouts of this prison he would inform no one; but on one occasion, when in his gallery with one of his most intimate and esteemed friends, T. Griffiths, Esq., the latter importuned Turner to reveal the secret. He made no reply, until, as they walked on they stepped on a large iron grating which is in the gallery floor, he said, 'it is under you,' but no further explanation would he give. He had made a choice collection of drawings by different artists, and this was likewise shut from observation entirely, even the artists who contributed

to it not being allowed the privilege of seeing it.

"He was not careful in dress, but by no means the shabby-looking man he has been represented by some; indeed, he went generally well dressed, and went much into society. He was the friend of the Duke of Wellington, and at the table of the Duke of Bridgewater he was always seated at the right hand of the Duchess. His colloquial powers were very great, and there is probably no artist in England who has so many and so warm personal friends. He was kind-hearted, and very quick in the discernment of character, yet sometimes blunt to rudeness in company. A young artist having sought an introduction, and being introduced as an artist, Turner replied contemptuously, 'You an Artist! you had better go to sweeping streets.'

"An artist of his acquaintance having asked for a recommendation to the place of teacher in one of the government schools, Turner replied, 'How can I give you a recommendation?' The artist said, 'You know what I can do.' 'How the devil do I know what you can do?' said Turner; 'I don't know what I can do myself yet.'

"A gentleman having purchased a picture from him, and finding it crack, requested him to restore it. Turner asked if it was cracked when he sold it. The gentleman replied in the negative. 'Well then,' replied Turner, 'I shan't restore it.' In fact he would never retouch even his own damaged pictures, and many of his finest pictures are in a wretched state, when an hour's work, perhaps, would have entirely renewed them.

"Turner's eye was as keen as an eagle's. Callow, the water-color artist, happening to be in the early morning train from Yorkshire with him, and seeing him at sunrise look at the full risen sun unflinchingly, expressed his wonder. Turner said, 'It hurts my eyes no more than it would yours to look at a candle,' and this was within a few years of his death, when few men are without spectacles. He was physically as well as mentally a remarkable man, and possessed a wonderful power over his frame; often by a simple exertion of his will, on urgent occasions, recovering himself from illness to apparent health, rising from a sick bed to make a speech at a dinner.

In criticism he was very just and appreciative, and his commendation was the highest gratification to some of the best artists in England. His admiration of W. Hunt, the water-colorist, was something quite remarkable, and so in less degree of others. Griffiths says that his criticism on one of Fielding's pictures was so kind and commendatory that it brought the tears to Fielding's eyes. There was no talent in the range of Art that did not come within his field of vision; from Titian's color to Bright's execution, everything good shared his praise.

"There are an infinite number of stories told of him which are utterly without foundation, and which now will be raked from the oblivion in which they should have lain for ever. He was exceedingly sensitive to such reports, and yet never took pains to contradict them, even to his friends."

A literary correspondent, Mr. G. W. Pratt, a young American traveller who brings back to his country some of the best fruits of a residence abroad, furnishes us with the following notice of a distinguished orientalist at St. Petersburg:—"Amongst a number of

Oriental works which we have for some time thought well worthy of notice is a History of Derbend, a town in the Caucasus, that terra incognita of philologists, by Mirza Kasem Beg. We shall avail ourselves of another occasion to speak of this work more in detail; but we must now say something of its remarkable editor. Mirza Alexander Kasem Beg, Professor of Turkish and Mongolese in the University of St. Petersburg, is a Tatar by birth, and a native of Derbend, whose history, like a good patriot, he illustrates. For several years he resided at Kazan, where he published a number of works, principally on Mahomedan Law and Theology. Recently he has been transferred to the position he now occupies; and in addition, created a Counsellor of State, with the decoration of the order of St. Anne. Prof. Kasem Beg is one of the few scholars who unite a competent knowledge of Arabic and Turkish, with the languages of Central and High Asia. Profoundly versed in Arabic, he prepared a concordance of the Kurán, which was unfortunately forestalled by the smaller and less complete work of Dr. Flügel, and thus the labor of many years still lies in manuscript. He is now engaged upon a biographical dictionary of illustrious men who have flourished in the East, drawn from Oriental sources, to contain about twelve thousand articles. From portions which we have had the favor of perusing, we are quite sure that the forthcoming work will be an exceedingly valuable adjunct to the learned editions of Ibn Khalikan, and others, now before the public. His *Tureo-Tatar Grammar* was originally published in Russian, but it has since become more accessible through the German translation of Dr. Zenker. Of this grammar nothing need be said; it is well known to philologists in this country. A splendid edition of the *Muhammediyeh*, a poem in praise of the Prophet, by *Muhammed Tshelby*, appeared at Kazan in 1845. It was printed by order of the Emperor, and under the supervision of Prof. Kasem Beg. The notes in Turkish are all by him. This exquisite specimen of Eastern typography is noticed in the *Journal Asiatique* for July, 1850. In his personal manners, literary habits, and efforts, we should term him the most enlightened Oriental of his day. We believe that he is a Member of the American Oriental Society: the important positions assigned him in Russia show that he is highly appreciated in his own country. We also take pleasure in adding, that Prof. Kasem Beg's attention to American visitors at the Russian capital are of the most gratifying description, and we shall long remember the courtesy and kindness we received during our visit to him."

In the disenthronement of Parisian street-titles Lamartine, by accident, has fared better than the remaining nationalities. The reason of this exemption involves a peculiarly French story, which is thus told by the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*:—"Why the street to which the name of Lamartine was given has not been dis-named, I am at a loss to tell, especially as Lamartine is a very anarchical designation at present. But perhaps the inhabitants would protest *en masse* against the restoration of the former name of *Coquenard*; for not only does that of Lamartine possess infinitely more euphony, and is incomparably more aristocratic, but it so happens that Coquenard is peculiarly disagreeable, from having been made, by caricaturists and vaudevillists, the cognomen of *les maris*

malheureux—a too numerous class of the community, always subjected to unhappy ridicule by the sarcastic and immoral population of Paris."

Columbia College, in this city, seldom affords a topic to the sketchers in the magazines, but a stray editorial sunbeam has found its way thither across Ann street and down Park Place, from the office of the *Evening Mirror*. That paper is now publishing, from day to day, some descriptive "Notes in New York," one of the latest of which is the following:—

"A College Examination can be held in quietness. A criminal trial or a prize fight will gather a multitude. In the chapel of Columbia College (a very plain room on the second floor) there may be found a President and a corps of Professors, and about twenty-five students, assembled for what is called the Intermediate Examination. Instructors and pupils are in gowns—a solemn sight—and you imagine that you are among the priests of the temple of science. It is a little amusing to see the sprightly youth of sixteen come in with his grey coat and plaid pants, and, stepping into a corner, draw on his black silk clerical gown. The Professors are sitting behind the bar, like judges in the court-room; peering over it, from their distant and fortified position, as if a belligerent force were soon to charge upon them. The students sit upon the plank benches around the room. But in front of the tribunal, and about in the middle of the hall, is placed a little platform, containing a chair, and a homely little table; and here by turns the students take their positions, to receive the fire from the fort. The *examined* is thus fully presented and isolated. He is left to his own resources. No accommodating class-mate can whisper encouragement in his ear.

"But there are few spectators. Even the fathers of the young men are not there. Parents will pay tuition bills cheerfully, but they cannot endure to sit out an examination. Loafers, of course, are not there. There is no occasion for a door-keeper. The stranger who ventures in feels strange, and is embarrassed, perhaps, by being so much alone—a marked man.

"The students (as in all such cases) speak rather indistinctly. 'Once more—a little slower, and louder,' says the Professor now and then. The subject is considerably torn to pieces, in the Socratic process; and it is not easy to tie the parts together, so as to make a straight story. This is always noticed in oral examinations. Occasionally the student launches out a little more, and *talks off*. But he is usually of opinion that 'the less said the sooner mended,' and he erroneously supposes that a full statement may savor of ostentation. The instructor and the pupil are engaged in a kind of conflict; the one eliciting by the hardest questions, the other 'keeping dark.' The result is, that the hearer finds it difficult to keep the train of inquiry and reply. The Professors who sit on the platform are inclined to whisper, and the President in the chair inclined (poor man) to sleep.

"The students are good-natured and happy. They expect to survive the occasion; and if all the minuter notions of Plato, Aristotle, and Pyrrho, are not so fully remembered, they doubt whether, in the long run, it will be a material calamity. One by one they bound away, like sheep from the shearing, lighter and uninjured. We love to see a man earnest and solicitous about his proper work; and at the same time it is amusing and cheering to notice a buoyant spirit, unchafed and undarkened by ambition or envy.

"Columbia College—not a collection of buildings forming a little village of itself, like Yale, Harvard, or Union—but a suite of apart-

ments for a day-school, connected with a row of Professors' dwellings. Two or three hours each day the students are there to recite, and then they are scattered to their homes. The dwellers upon the grounds are the Faculty. This is precisely the reverse of the Yale man's experience. There the elms wave and the lawn spreads its carpet of grass for the students' home, while the Professor comes from his distant dwelling.

"Park Place—once Robinson street through-out—is drawing trade into its inviting area. The College enjoys a pleasant seclusion now in the midst of the city's din; but dwellings have crowded hard upon its contracting territory, and now commerce is marching down towards its buttonwood shades. Well, the student needs only room enough to recite. His studies are prosecuted elsewhere; and the Professors must take their chance with others in the crowded metropolis. No special seclusion seems to be needed.

"Written Examinations are gaining ground in some of our colleges and other institutions of high grade. The topics are assigned, and the student is to write for a certain time, without any help or hint from person or book. This plan tests the knowledge, the power of arrangement and expression, and the ability to write at short notice what will bear to be read. If the topics are selected without favor, the trial is fair, and the result can be carefully estimated." The pupil has time to recover from sudden embarrassment, and if he cannot write, it is because he does not know. Students dread such examinations, and well they may.

"It would not be well, however, to dispense entirely with oral exhibition on these occasions. The student needs the training which is thus secured. The two methods can be happily combined. The combination justly represents the actual demand of after life.

"The young man who can pursue his study of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Metaphysics, &c., amid the distractions and fascinations of New York, has this consolation—he will be called to no greater trial of his self-possession. If he can hold on and hold out here, he may expect to act a manly part in life's din and conflict. But to give such an earnest, he must achieve an unquestionable victory on this arena."

The *Post* gives us an item or two of the promised American Industrial Exhibition under the auspices of Mr. Riddle:—"We announced a few days since that the Common Council of this city had given Mr. Riddle and his associates a lease of Reservoir Square, on very favorable terms, for a period of five years, for the purpose of erecting on it a suitable structure in which to make an exhibition of the industry of all nations. A meeting has been held by a few gentlemen interested, or desirous of becoming interested in the enterprise, preliminary to an application for a charter of incorporation. We understand that among the foreign attractions which are already promised to it, are the *Amazon*, by Kiss, which took a Grand Council Medal at the late London exhibition; a colossal statue of Washington, by Marchetti, whose statue of Richard Cœur de Lion also took a Council Medal; a statue of Wesley, by Carew, and also one of the Crucifixion, exhibited by him in the Crystal Palace; the statue of Prometheus, by Manning; the 'Veiled Figure,' by Monti; a silver statue of Columbus, from the Sardinian Commissioners, and some three hundred and fifty works of art exhibited in London last summer, scarcely less interesting or remarkable than those we have enumerated. Farina, the great *Eau de Cologne* manufacturer, has engaged to keep a fountain of

Cologne water playing during the entire period of the exhibition, provided the amount consumed is admitted by our government free of duty, which we presume should be done as a matter of course. He has also engaged to exhibit about one hundred and fifty of the very best paintings in Dusseldorf on the same terms. Prince Albert, the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Joseph Paxton, have also promised to become exhibitors. A proper building can be erected and the goods all stored ready for exhibition, it is supposed, for less than \$200,000; a sum, at fifty cents a ticket, which would be reimbursed to the exhibitors, if only half of the citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City, were to visit it once."

The London *Literary Gazette* has this incidental mention of Mr. Squier in England: "Mr. Squier, the American archæologist, who is passing the winter in England, has just been on a visit to Lord Lonsborough, in Yorkshire, and while there, has opened a few of the numerous early barrows on his lordship's estate at Lonsborough. They all proved to be of that rude class of interment which are generally called Celtic, and produced their usual contents, a few urns."

The first volume of Mr. Bancroft's long announced "History of the American Revolution," it is understood, is to appear immediately from the press of Little & Brown, Boston. A London copyright edition is announced by Bentley.

Under the title, "A Portrait from Life," appears in the Philadelphia City Mirror, credited to the Home Journal of this city, a sketch of "Boys of the Present Day," which appeared the other day in a review in this paper. It was no doubt copied from the *Home Journal*, which recently published the article without any acknowledgment to "The Literary World." On this subject we may commend the conscientiousness of an old author, a preface by John Donne, "I have no purpose to come into any man's debt;—if I do borrow anything you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not only him that hath digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place."

THE PATIENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

A MAN, long plagued with aches in joint and limb,

Did all the neighbors recommended him,
But, for all that, could nowise gain
Deliverance from his pain.

An ancient dame, to whom he told his case,
Made up a most oracular face,
And thus announced a magic remedy:

"You must," said she
(Mysteriously hissing in his ear,
And calling him "my dear!")

"Sit on a good man's grave at early light,
And with the dew fresh-fallen over night,
Thrice bathe your hands, your knee-joints moisten thrice;

'Twill cure you in a trice,
Remember her who gave you this advice!"

The sick man did just as the grandam said:
(What will not mortals do, to be
Relieved of misery!)

Went, bright and early, to the burying ground,
And on a grave-stone ('twas the first he found)
These words, delighted, read:

"Traveller, what man he was who sleeps below,
This monument and epitaph may show.
The wonder of his time was he,
The pattern of a genuine piety;

And that thou all in a few words may'st learn,
Him Church and School and Town and Country mourn."

Here the poor cripple takes his seat,
And bathes his hands, his joints, his feet;
But all his labor's worse than vain,
It rather aggravates his pain.
With troubled mind he grasps his staff,
Turns from the good man's grave and creeps
On to the next, where lowly sleeps
One honored by no epitaph.

Scarce had he touched the nameless stone,
When lo! each racking pain had flown.
His useless staff forgotten on the ground,
He leaves this holy grave, erect and sound.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "is there no line to tell
Who was this holy man that makes me well!"
Just then the Sexton did appear,
Of him he asked, "Pray, who lies buried here?"

The Sexton waited long, and seemed quite shy
Of making any sort of a reply.

"Ah!" he began at length with deep-drawn sigh,

"God's mercy on us! 'twas a man,
Placed by all decent circles under ban,
Whom scarcely they allowed a decent grave,
Only a miracle whose soul might save;
A heretic, and what is worse,
Wrote plays and verse:
In short, to speak my full conviction,
And without fear of contradiction,
He was an innovator and a sound —"
"No!" cried the man, "no! I'll be bound!
No so, though all the world the lie repeat;
But that chap there who sleeps hard by us,
Whom you and all the world call pious,
He was no doubt a scoundrel and a cheat."

C. T. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD FOR JEANIE DEANS—AN ANGEL-LIVERIED WHITE LIE.

Editors of the Literary World:

In your paper for Nov. 25, 1851, there is a communication "Anent Jeanie Deans," in which the author professes to set forth a discovery which he has made for the novel-reading world. This is no more nor less than an inconsistency or contradiction in the character of the heroine, and he is astonished that nobody has observed it before. As his disposition is rather captious and sophistical, and he wishes to do the best he can for a bad cause, he is not ashamed to answer "aye" to the appropriate application of "Crabtree." Not having observed any refutation of that article, as I for one do not agree with him, I shall take upon myself to reply briefly to Mr. Crabtree, although I have not Scott's novels by me; and as the snow is a foot deep, and the cold intense, cannot send to the next-door neighbor's to procure the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

His remark is: "I confess to much that is lovely and admirable in her character, but I could never quite forgive—though I might fail argumentatively to condemn her obstinate, rigid veracity, when an opposite course would have saved her sister's life. And it is now with no slight, malicious satisfaction that I announce to you a blemish in her reputation in matters of veracity which I have just stumbled upon."

Thus far "Crabtree." He then proceeds to quote at length from the novel, showing that both to "the stranger" and at the trial, notwithstanding the hints which she had received, Jeanie uprightly and honestly, with

an agonizing struggle, adhered to the solemn truth, although a little swerving might save her sister's life. She would not testify that Effie said that which she never said, or that she remembered a circumstance of which she had no memory. Judicial vengeance must have its course, but she could not.

"To do a great right, go a little wrong,
And curb that cruel devil of its will."

Such intense veracity, the writer thinks, "to be commendable, should be uniform. A woman who would tell nothing untrue to save her sister's life, must tell nothing untrue to accomplish any inferior object. If she would not *then* do evil that good might come, she must *never* do evil that good might come." Then to make his case clear, he quotes the scene at Muschat's Cairn, which I will copy off, in order that we may have the whole in a nut-shell.

"If ye are an officer of justice, sir," said Jeanie, eluding his attempt to seize her, "ye deserve to have your coat stripped from your back."

"Very true, hinny," said he, forcibly seizing her; "but suppose I should strip your cloak off first."

"Ye are more a man, I am sure, than to hurt me, sir," said Jeanie; "for God's sake have pity on a half-distracted creature."

"Come, come," said Radcliffe, "you're a good-looking wench, and should not be cross-grained. If you'll be guided by me, I'll carry you to a wee bit corner in the Pleasance, and we'll send Robertson word to meet us in Yorkshire, and leave Mr. Sharpitlaw to whistle on his thumb."

"It was fortunate for Jeanie, in an emergency like the present, that she possessed presence of mind and courage so soon as the first hurry of surprise had enabled her to rally her recollection. She saw the risk she was in from a ruffian, who not only was such by profession, but had that evening been stupifying, by means of strong liquors, the internal aversion that he felt at the business on which Sharpitlaw had employed him.

"Dinna speak sae loud," said she, in a low voice, "he's up yonder."

"Who?—Robertson?" said Radcliffe, eagerly.

"Aye," replied Jeanie, "up yonder;" and she pointed to the ruins of the hermitage and chapel."

"On this information, containing, as Jeanie knew," remarks your correspondent, "not one word of truth, Radcliffe sets off. If she would lie so readily here, why should she be so lauded for not lying when her sister's life was at stake?"

All very well, Mr. Crabtree. I will admit that Jeanie knew that there was not one word of truth in it, although I do *not* know it, from any recollection of the previous part of the novel, but will presume that you are correct. Let that pass. But there is a wide and marked difference between the two cases in the career of Jeanie, above named. In the first, when she was appealed to by the stranger, and afterwards examined in the court, she refused—with all a woman's love and sister's tenderness gushing into her eyes, and almost breaking her heart-strings—she refused to swerve so much as a hair's-breadth from truth; in other words, to tell a deliberate lie to save her sister's life. Weak woman as she was, she stood firm by the great principle in which she had been brought up. And here her character, as portrayed by the novelist, in other parts tender and beautiful, rises to the highest pitch of sublimity. It was the adherence to truth which

made it so, and, fictitious creature though she is, we do not like to see that character assailed. If she would speak truth then, which was the most painful moment of her life, there is the indication of a fixed and rooted principle of action, and it surely would be a great oversight in the novelist if, in her after-history, he was so far forgetful as to make her ever vary from the truth.

In the second instance, she was attacked by a ruffian, whose ferocity was heightened by the stimulus of liquor, and where she had no weapons of defence but her presence of mind and ingenuity. And if, instead of these, she had used a dagger, she would have been justified, for she could not tell what his intentions were. Mr. Crabtree very ingeniously cuts out his quotation, but if he had inserted the context, it would be seen that Radcliffe had already placed his hands upon her, wound his arms about her waist, and by his looks and gestures threatened violence. What woman would not be justifiable in ridding herself, at all hazards, of such a dangerous companion? Necessity knows no law; and self-protection is the first law of nature. Besides, she was so frightened, that here she had no opportunity to reason as in the other case, but acted suddenly according to the emergency, as nature, or instinct, or rather God taught her. If a man on a highway sees a pistol at his breast, his impulse is to thrust it aside, and immediately to knock the robber down or drive him off, and his impulse is right. But if a woman has not strength in her weak arm to knock him down, she may use what weapons she has to despatch him. This is the law.

It is very true that a woman who would tell nothing untrue to save a *sister's* life, must tell nothing untrue to accomplish *any inferior object*. I, for one, have yet to learn that fair fame and reputation is an object inferior to life, although Mr. Crabtree seems so to regard it. For Jeanie was assaulted by an intoxicated ruffian, and in a moment of terror, to save her fair fame, summoning all her energies, she sent him upon a false chase, and fled to her father's roof. Was that a lie? If so, it was a white lie; whiter than any of those referred to by Mrs. Opie. Indeed, I think, taking what exception we may with other characters depicted in the works of Sir Walter Scott, that it would be very hard for any but a hyper-critic to find any fault with the matchless, the beautiful, the perfect character of Jeanie Deans.

CLERICUS.

THE YOUTHFUL READING OF MARGARET FULLER. SHAKESPEARE—CERVANTES—MOLIERE.

A PASSAGE from a chapter of autobiography in the earliest portion of "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," now ready from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Company.

"There was, in the house, no apartment appropriated to the purpose of a library, but there was in my father's room a large closet filled with books, and to these I had free access when the task-work of the day was done. Its window overlooked wide fields, gentle slopes, a rich and smiling country, whose aspect pleased without much occupying the eye, while a range of blue hills, rising at about twelve miles' distance, allured to reverie. 'Distant mountains,' says Tieck, 'excite the fancy, for beyond them we place the scene of our Paradise.' Thus, in the poems of fairy adventure, we climb the rocky barrier, pass fearless its dragon caves and

dark pine forests, and find the scene of enchantment in the vale behind. My hopes were never so definite, but my eye was constantly allured to that distant blue range, and I would sit, lost in fancies, till tears fell on my cheek. I loved this sadness; but only in later years, when the realities of life had taught me moderation, did the passionate emotions excited by seeing them again teach how glorious were the hopes that swelled my heart while gazing on them in those early days.

"Melancholy attends on the best joys of a merely ideal life, else I should call most happy the hours in the garden, the hours in the book closet. Here were the best French writers of the last century; for my father had been more than half a Jacobin, in the time when the French Republic cast its glare of promise over the world. Here, too, were the Queen Anne authors, his models, and the English novelists; but among them I found none that charmed me. Smollett, Fielding, and the like, deal too broadly with the coarse actualities of life. The best of their men and women—so merely natural, with the nature found every day—do not meet our hopes. Sometimes the simple picture, warm with life and the light of the common sun, cannot fail to charm,—as in the wedded love of Fielding's *Amelia*,—but it is at a later day, when the mind is trained to comparison, that we learn to prize excellence like this as it deserves. Early youth is prince-like: it will bend only to 'the king, my father.' Various kinds of excellence please, and leave their impression, but the most commanding, alone, is duly acknowledged at that all-exacting age.

"Three great authors it was my fortune to meet at this important period,—all, though of unequal, yet congenial powers,—all of rich and wide, rather than aspiring genius,—all free to the extent of the horizon their eye took in,—all fresh with impulse, racy with experience; never to be lost sight of or superseded, but always to be apprehended more and more.

"Ever memorable is the day on which I first took a volume of Shakspeare in my hand to read. It was on a Sunday.

"This day was punctiliously set apart in our house. We had family prayers, for which there was no time on other days. Our dinners were different, and our clothes. We went to church. My father put some limitations on my reading, but—bless him for the gentleness which has left me a pleasant feeling for the day!—he did not prescribe what was, but only what was *not*, to be done. And the liberty this left was a large one. 'You must not read a novel, or a play;' but all other books, the worst or the best, were open to me. The distinction was merely technical. The day was pleasing to me, as relieving me from the routine of tasks and recitations; it gave me freer play than usual, and there were fewer things occurred in its course, which reminded me of the divisions of time; still the church-going, where I heard nothing that had any connexion with my inward life, and these rules, gave me associations with the day of empty formalities, and arbitrary restrictions; but though the forbidden book or walk always seemed more charming then, I was seldom tempted to disobey.

"This Sunday—I was only eight years old—I took from the book-shelf a volume lettered Shakspeare. It was not the first time I had looked at it, but before I had been

deterred from attempting to read, by the broken appearance along the page, and preferred smooth narrative. But this time I held in my hand 'Romeo and Juliet' long enough to get my eye fastened to the page. It was a cold winter afternoon. I took the book to the parlor fire, and had there been seated an hour or two, when my father looked up and asked what I was reading so intently. 'Shakspeare,' replied the child, merely raising her eye from the page. 'Shakspeare,—that won't do; that's no book for Sunday; go put it away and take another.' I went as I was bid, but took no other. Returning to my seat, the unfinished story, the personages to whom I was but just introduced, thronged and burnt my brain. I could not bear it long; such a lure it was impossible to resist. I went and brought the book again. There were several guests present, and I had got half through the play before I again attracted attention. 'What is that child about that she don't hear a word that's said to her?' quoth my aunt. 'What are you reading?' said my father. 'Shakspeare' was again the reply, in a clear, though somewhat impatient tone. 'How?' said my father angrily,—then restraining himself before his guests,—'Give me the book and go directly to bed.'

"Into my little room no care of his anger followed me. Alone, in the dark, I thought only of the scene placed by the poet before my eye, where the free flow of life, sudden and graceful dialogue, and forms, whether grotesque or fair, seen in the broad lustre of his imagination, gave just what I wanted, and brought home the life I seemed born to live. My fancies swarmed like bees, as I contrived the rest of the story;—what all would do, what say, where go. My confinement tortured me. I could not go forth from this prison to ask after these friends; I could not make my pillow of the dreams about them which yet I could not forbear to frame. Thus was I absorbed when my father entered. He felt it right, before going to rest, to reason with me about my disobedience, shown in a way, as he considered, so insolent. I listened, but could not feel interested in what he said, nor turn my mind from what engaged it. He went away really grieved at my impotence, and quite at a loss to understand conduct in me so unusual.

"Often since I have seen the same misunderstanding between parent and child,—the parent thrusting the morale, the discipline, of life upon the child, when just engrossed by some game of real importance and great leadings to it. That is only a wooden horse to the father,—the child was careering to distant scenes of conquest and crusade, through a country of elsewhere unimagined beauty. None but poets remember their youth; but the father who does not retain poetical apprehension of the world, free and splendid as it stretches out before the child, who cannot read his natural history, and follow out its intimations with reverence, must be a tyrant in his home, and the purest intentions will not prevent his doing much to cramp him. Each new child is a new Thought, and has bearings and discernings, which the Thoughts older in date know not yet, but must learn.

"My attention thus fixed on Shakspeare, I returned to him at every hour I could command. Here was a counterpoise to my Romans, still more forcible than the little garden. My author could read the Roman

nature too,—read it in the sternness of Coriolanus, and in the varied wealth of Caesar. But he viewed these men of will as only one kind of men; he kept them in their place, and I found that he who could understand the Roman, yet expressed in Hamlet a deeper thought.

"In Cervantes, I found far less productive talent,—indeed, a far less powerful genius,—but the same wide wisdom, a discernment piercing the shows and symbols of existence, yet rejoicing in them all, both for their own life, and as signs of the unseen reality. Not that Cervantes philosophized,—his genius was too deeply philosophical for that; he took things as they came before him, and saw their actual relations and bearings. Thus the work he produced was of deep meaning, though he might never have expressed that meaning to himself. It was left implied in the whole. A Coleridge comes and calls Don Quixote the pure Reason, and Sancho the Understanding. Cervantes made no such distinctions in his own mind; but he had seen and suffered enough to bring out all his faculties, and to make him comprehend the higher as well as the lower part of our nature. Sancho is too amusing and sagacious to be contemptible; the Don too noble and clear-sighted towards absolute truth, to be ridiculous. And we are pleased to see manifested in this way, how the lower must follow and serve the higher, despite its jeering mistrust and the stubborn realities which break up the plans of this pure-minded champion.

"The effect produced on the mind is no wise that described by Byron:—

'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,' &c.

"On the contrary, who is not conscious of a sincere reverence for the Don, prancing forth on his gaunt steed? Who would not rather be he than any of the persons who laugh at him?—Yet the one we would wish to be is thyself, Cervantes, unconquerable spirit! gaining flavor and color like wine from every change, while being carried round the world; in whose eye the serene sagacious laughter could not be dimmed by poverty, slavery, or unsuccessful authorship. Thou art to us still more the Man, though less the Genius, than Shakspeare; thou dost not evade our sight, but, holding the lamp to thine own magic shows, dost enjoy them with us.

"My third friend was Molière, one very much lower, both in range and depth, than the others, but, as far as he goes, of the same character. Nothing secluded or partial is there about his genius,—a man of the world, and a man by himself, as he is. It was, indeed, only the poor social world of Paris that he saw, but he viewed it from the firm foundations of his manhood, and every lightest laugh rings from a clear perception, and teaches life anew.

"These men were all alike in this,—they loved the *natural history* of man. Not what he should be, but what he is, was the favorite subject of their thought. Whenever a noble leading opened to the eye new paths of light, they rejoiced; but it was never fancy, but always fact, that inspired them. They loved a thorough penetration of the murkiest dens and most tangled paths of nature; they did not spin from the desires of their own special natures, but reconstructed the world from materials which they collected on every side. Thus their influence upon me was not to prompt me to follow out thought in myself so much as to detect it everywhere, for

each of these men is not only a nature, but a happy interpreter of many natures. They taught me to distrust all invention which is not based on a wide experience. Perhaps, too, they taught me to overvalue an outward experience at the expense of inward growth; but all this I did not appreciate till later.

"It will be seen that my youth was not unfriended, since those great minds came to me in kindness. A moment of action in one's self, however, is worth an age of apprehension through others; not that our deeds are better, but that they produce a renewal of our being. I have had more productive moments and of deeper joy, but never hours of more tranquil pleasure than those in which these demi-gods visited me,—and with a smile so familiar, that I imagined the world to be full of such. They did me good, for by them a standard was early given of sight and thought, from which I could never go back, and beneath which I cannot suffer patiently my own life or that of any friend to fall. They did me harm, too, for the child, fed with meat instead of milk, becomes too soon mature. Expectations and desires were thus early raised, after which I must long toil before they can be realized. How poor the scene around, how tame one's own existence, how meagre and faint every power, with these beings in my mind! Often I must cast them quite aside, in order to grow in my small way, and not sink into despair. Certainly I do not wish that, instead of these masters, I had read baby books, written down to children, and with such ignorant dulness that they blunt the senses and corrupt the tastes of the still plastic human being. But I do wish that I had read no books at all till later,—that I had lived with toys, and played in the open air. Children should not cull the fruits of reflection and observation early, but expand in the sun, and let thoughts come to them. They should not through books antedate their actual experiences, but should take them gradually, as sympathy and interpretation are needed. With me, much of life was devoured in the bud."

THE DRAMA.

THE DRAMA AND VICIOUS PLAYS.

It was with regretful feelings that we saw the drama of Paul Clifford, from Bulwer's novel of that name, announced for representation at the Broadway Theatre, and afterwards produced at the Bowery. In this city, where so many thousands of the young seek after theatrical amusements, any play which gives the attributes of success to a criminal hero demands the severest and the promptest reprehension.

They who are most conversant with the progress and condition of crime in this city know fearfully well how fatal to the morals of many is an accustomed admiration of successful vice. And they will tell you of many a convict who ascribes his moral ruin to the reading of such works as Paul Clifford and Jack Shepherd. Not a month passes but some boy or young man is arraigned in criminal courts who boasts of an alias borrowed from one or the other of these novels and their associate publications. Paul Clifford, Jack Sheppard, Scarlet Jack, Three-fingered Jack, Dick Turpin, &c. &c., belong to hundreds of boys to-day in this city as nicknames. Much more fascinating appear the lives of these vicious scoundrels, and much more dangerous the fallacious examples and speeches

which they furnish, when actors of tact and talent personate them to galleries crowded with boys and young men.

Within the past month ten boys have been convicted in this city for burglary, and eight of them were arrested at theatres, to obtain entrance to which they incurred fearful penalties against their liberty. Tell an experienced policeman that such a description of boy probably committed an offence, and before eleven at night he will have apprehended him by searching the pits and tiers of the various theatres.

Not that we believe that the mere viewing of successful vice will of itself entice the young into the ways of crime; but the representation of such plays as we have alluded to blunts the moral sense, and when temptation comes, the barrier of conscience is already decayed. Moreover, the very first larcenies which the young thieves of the metropolis commit are frequently for the sake of obtaining money to visit the pits of these abandoned temples of the drama.

We have exemplars of vice enough and facilities for felony enough in this immense city without the theatres (which should be "schools for reform") lending their aid to lead the young into paths of idleness, crime, and infamy.

And we call upon all the true friends of the "Drama"—upon all presses in our city, and upon all morality-loving citizens, to give to the representation of fascinating criminal plays the just and universal rebuke which their dangerous character deserves. If Pope had lived in our day he would have erased the two first lines of the verses, which may appropriately close our remarks in the preceding connexion:—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be dreaded needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, have in press—The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1852. A reprint of Rev. John Kitto's History of Palestine. Travels in Egypt, &c., by Dr. J. V. C. Smith, illustrated. A Geological Chart, by Prof. James Hall; and a new series by Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, entitled Chambers's Pocket Miscellany.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM JANUARY 31ST TO FEBRUARY 14TH.

Abbott (Jacob).—Young Christian. Series II.—The Corner Stone. Illust. 12mo. pp. 389 (Harper & Brothers).
Biddle (John B., M.D.).—Review of Materia Medica, for the Use of Students. Illust. 12mo. pp. 322 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).
Carter (Robert).—The Hungarian Controversy: an Exposure of the Falsifications and Perversions of the Slanderers of Hungary. 8vo. pp. 48 (Boston, Redding & Co.).
Coale (Wm. E.).—Hints on Health; with Familiar Instructions for the Treatment and Preservation of the Skin, Hair, Teeth, Eyes, &c. 18mo. pp. 207 (Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.).
Chapin (Rev. E. H.).—Characters in the Gospels, illustrating Phases of Character at the Present Day. 12mo. pp. 163 (Redfield).
Forrest Divorce Case. Reported by the Reporter of the National Police Gazette. 8vo. pp. 112 (Stringer & Townsend), 12½ cts.
Herald Report. 8vo. pp. 185 (Dewitt & Davenport), 25 cts.
James (G. P. R.).—The Connexion between Literature, Science, and the Arts; an Address before the Literary Societies of Hamilton College, July 22, 1851. 8vo. pp. 28 (Utica, Seward & Thurber).
Kennedy (Hon. J. F.).—Address before the Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, Oct. 21, 1851. 8vo. pp. 25 (Balt., John Murphy).
Mayer (Brunz).—Mexico: Aztec, Spanish, and Republican. Illust. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 433, 393 (Hartford, S. Drake & Co.).

Mendenhall (George, M.D.).—The Medical Student's Vade Mecum. 3d ed., revised and enlarged. Illust. 12mo. pp. 690 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston), cl. \$1.
Perkins (George R.).—Plane Trigonometry, and its Application to Mensuration and Land Surveying: accompanied with all the Logarithmic and Trigonometric Tables. 8vo. pp. 176 (D. Appleton & Co.).
Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life. By a Lady, who for Forty Years was a Member of the Society. 12mo. pp. 348 (Phila., J. W. Moore), cl. 75 cts.
Schieffelder (C. C., M.D.).—A Short Guide for the Rational Treatment of Children, in Health and Disease, by Water. 12mo. pp. 299 (Phila., J. W. Moore), cloth, 75 cts.
Scott.—Life of General Winslow Scott, Commander-in-chief of the United States Army. With illustrations. 12mo. pp. 191 (A. S. Barnes & Co.).
Shakespeare (W.).—Works. Edited by Rev. H. N. Hudson. Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 504 (Boston and Cambridge, Jas. Munroe & Co.), \$1.
Simmons (Jas. W.).—The Greek Girl, a Tale in Two Cantos. 12mo. pp. 143 (Boston and Cambridge, James Munroe & Co.), cloth, 75 cts.
Story (Joseph).—Miscellaneous Writings of. Edited by his Son, W. W. Story. 8vo. pp. 828 (Boston, Little & Brown), cl. \$5 50.
Swett (John A., M.D.).—A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest: being a Course of Lectures delivered at the New York Hospital. 8vo. pp. 300 (D. Appleton & Co.).
Song Leaves from the Book of Life and Nature. By an American. 12mo. pp. 113 (J. S. Redfield).
Templeton's Engineer, Millwright, and Mechanic's Pocket Companion. Edited by Julius W. Adams, Engineer. 12mo. pp. 226, illust. (D. Appleton & Co.).
Thornwell (Rev. J. H.).—Thoughts Suited to the Present Times: a Sermon on the Death of Hon. J. C. Calhoun. 8vo. pp. 45.
The Rights and the Duties of Masters, a Sermon at the Dedication of a Church erected in Charleston, S. C., for the benefit and instruction of the Colored Population. 8vo. pp. 51 (Charleston, Walker & James).
Velpeau (Alf., A.L.M.).—A Complete Treatise on Midwifery: Trans. by C. D. Meigs, M.D. Illustrated. 8vo. pp. 632 (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston), \$3 50.

REPRINTS.

Bulwer, Lytton (Lady).—The School for Husbands, a Novel. 8vo. pp. 186 (Philadelphia, A. Hart), 50 cts.
Bunbury (Mrs.).—Florence Sackville; or, Self-Dependence, an Autobiography. 8vo. pp. 164 (Harper & Bros.), 25 cts.
Burns (Robert).—Life and Works. Edited by Robert Chambers. In 4 vols., vol. 1, 12mo. pp. 559 (Harper & Bros.).
Family Commentary on the Holy Bible: from the Works of Henry and Scott, and above One Hundred other Writers. Illust. 4to, Part I., pp. 40 (R. Martin).
Hood (Thomas).—Whimsicalities—illustrated. 12mo. pp. 228 (Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library), 25 cts.
Kavanagh (Julia).—Women of Christianity, exemplary for acts of Piety and Charity. 12mo. pp. 394 (D. Appleton & Co.), 75 cts.
Planché (Miss).—The House on the Rock. 12mo. pp. 157 (Boston and Cambridge, Jas. Munroe & Co.), 38 cts.
Wright (Thomas).—Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from the most Authentic Sources. 12mo. pp. 420 (Redfield), \$1 25.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Have just Published:

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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